

*Our Dumb*

# ANIMALS

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The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY





# OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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# From the PRESIDENT'S DESK



REAL as may be the sufferings of animals where experiments upon them are most painful, weighed in the balance over against the sufferings of the hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and swine daily enduring man's inhumanity in train and ship and slaughterhouse, they seem small. In bulk of suffering, they are widely separated.



I WONDER why it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered!

—Henry Drummond



IT was the late Frances E. Willard who said of Mr. Angell and his zeal for humane education: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."



WAS he a wise man or a fool who said that an ounce of international confidence and friendship is worth more than a ton of war material when it comes to insurance against war?



THERE is food for thought in Einstein's words, spoken in London in 1944, "Perfection of means and confusion of aims seem, in my opinion, to characterize our age."



SO made are we that back upon us with the touch of a transforming hand comes every deed of kindness done for another's sake.



IF you don't like dogs are you sure the fault is the dogs' and not yours?

## Do Not Lose Heart

THIS is not a sermon, though it may sound like it.

Have the so-called civilized nations of our time turned their backs upon all that once was held as high, ennobling and redeeming, and are they heading back hopelessly toward the paganism of ancient years? Has the faith, founded upon the life and teaching of the Man of Nazareth, been but an empty dream? Have Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, lived and died in vain?

Well, let us go back two thousand years and more ago, in that far-off day when on the seats of the mighty sat Wealth and Power and Freedom — Emperors, Kings, Tyrants, while their human fellows, all the rest, were only their subjects or their slaves; and later still, all the rest only servants or serfs to Lords and Dukes and Princes of the realm. Within the little land of Palestine and in the homes of those from that land who had gone out into the wider world, religion, as we know it, had small promise of a better day.

Then something happened. A child was born. Slowly, but in spite of many a backward swing of the tide, the rights of man as man began to find recognition, slavery became a shame to any nation that tolerated its infamy, and today ten thousand times ten thousand churches, founded in the name of the Christ of Calvary, proclaim by their very presence that the faith, born of His life and teaching, is the sacredest and divinest thing the race of man has ever known.

Millions of men at war, yes; millions suffering, dying from hunger and disease, yes; cruelty to man and beast still in daily evidence, yes; glaring headlines in the daily press telling of evil deeds of evil men, yes; but millions also, unnumbered millions, of loyal, kindly, unsel-fish, God-fearing men and women who violate no law and who live and die un-honored and unsung. One criminal, but

over against him, ten thousand worthy of our honor and our praise.

Who would go back five hundred years, a thousand years, if he had the chance to live his life anew? Judge not by decades but by the centuries, we have been told, and wisely told. Back and forth the pendulum swings as time goes on—now a gain, and now a loss, now light, now darkness; but the hands upon the dial move on.

No matter what these days of a world at war may seem to mean, all the centuries of history still affirm that right is mightier than wrong, that good is stronger than evil, that the Cross, once the symbol of defeat and despair, has been and still is the symbol of the greatest victory this sad earth has ever known.

At the bottom it is just this: that a human personality, yours or mine, caught in a web of inexorable faults and injustices, lured on to extinction through lying dreams and expectations, is too hideous to contemplate.



## Massachusetts the Leader in Humane Legislation

TO have enacted in 1641 legislation in defense of animals puts Massachusetts to the front in this respect. Under the title "Liberties of the Brute Creature," the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in the above year enacted the following:

"91. No man shall exercise any Tiranny or Crueltie towards any brute Creatures which are usuallie kept for man's use.

"92. If any man shall have occasion to leade or drive Cattel from place to place that is far off so that they be weary or hungry or fall sick or lambe, it shall be lawful to rest or refresh them for a competent time in any open place that is not Corne, meadow or enclosed for some peculiar use."

## Bird and Animal Weather Vanes

By ALETHA M. BONNER

"The wind is in the East, and  
rain is on the way."

—Old Weather Vane Prediction

**H**ISTORY has never voiced a positive statement as to when or where the first weather vane made its appearance, but it is definitely known that from early times men have adorned their buildings — their churches and castles, their cottages and stables—with, to quote one authority, "an infinite variety of vanes, which have served the dual purpose of furnishing decoration, and giving meteorological information."

Delvers into weather vane lore find that the humble subject has a fascinating history, which extends as far back as 100 B.C., when the "Tower of Winds" in Athens was embellished with a bronze Triton pointing the direction of the wind."

In the glossary of ancient architecture the vane is described as a "weathercock on a steeple," and for the most part, animals and fowls have ever proved favorite vane designs down the centuries; the beast or bird sitting on a slender pedestal and carrying an upright rod, on which a thin plate of metal is hung like a flag, and which swings with the wind.

According to early church annals, the significance of the weathercock on the church steeple has to do with the immortal fowl of Biblical text, whose thirteenth crowing stirred Peter's conscience to repentant action, on the night he denied his Lord.

The symbolic cockerel continued to be a favorite weather vane design for American churches, after the early colonists brought the European custom to the New World.

One of the pioneer professional manufacturers was "Deacon" Shem Drowne, of Boston. He it was who made the famous hammered-copper grasshopper weather vane on Boston's Faneuil Hall. Said to have been a perfect copy of the grasshopper vane atop the Royal Exchange Building in London, the green glass eyes of the American replica looked down upon many interesting scenes on history's moving screen of national activity, following the date of its placement on the Hall in 1749.

Another early weather vane specimen was a fish, made of hardwood and studded with copper nails, which originally topped the coppersmith shop of the patriot Paul Revere, at Canton, Massachusetts, but which now is a museum piece in the Revere House in North Square, Boston. It is believed that this vane is older than the Faneuil Hall grasshopper, or a wooden weathercock, bearing dating of 1786, that stood for many years on the old Custom House of Portland, Maine.

Barn tops and stables of old New England were all adorned with vanes of every description, though animal designs predominated—horses, cows, pigs, and the like. Domestic and wild fowls, many with wings outspread as though ready to fly away, also proved popular wind-signal patterns.

With the march of time the weather vane fad faded into history. However, in more recent years the vane has been reinstated as an interior decoration for the fireplace mantel or used as a garden-piece ornament; and today, dragons, lambs, and copper cows, peacocks, cranes, and crowing cocks are to be found from coast to coast.

### Furred Beetles

**O**NE of the best dressed members of the insect kingdom is the elephant beetle, for not only on special occasions, but Sunday, Monday and always he wears —a fur coat!

Furred beetles are also called elephant beetles, from the long, pointed horns which make them look like miniature elephants. The big fellow found in Central America generally attains a length of about five inches, and has silky, yellow fur covering his shining black body except for the horns, which are bare. His Nicaraguan cousin is often still bigger, wears a similar coat of yellow and, in addition, the horns sport a cap of dark brown fur!

Elephant beetles are not often found with whole coats, because the fur is soft and scrapes off on stones or twigs.

—Ida M. Pardue



### He Has More Teeth Than Any Other Animal

We're not afraid of any snail;  
He won't bite you or me;  
Without a magnifying glass,  
His teeth you cannot see.

But if you counted all he has,  
Above and underneath;  
You'd be surprised to know a snail  
Has 14,000 teeth!

### Child and the Mystic Wood

By MARIE ZETTERBERG JELLIFFE

I come into the dark green wood,  
Is this the place called solitude?  
A bird's nest falls upon the ground.  
Velvet fungus clings around  
The fallen trees. A butterfly  
And bumble bee now hasten by,  
A small brush bunny hops my way,  
Little bunny, with me stay!  
. . . There he goes  
Where the bramble bushes close  
Round each other. Now a squirrel  
Up a tree climbs in a whirl.  
I may catch a wee wood mouse,  
Or a snail in his pearl house.  
I love tiny flowers that grow.  
In the mosses in a row,  
Are ground pinks and violets,  
Their deep haunts no one forgets.  
Here a tall fern, there a rose,  
A rippling brook beside me flows.  
Leaves are boats that sail away  
To each shadowed hidden bay.  
Is that a wind that flies by me,  
Or a dryad I can't see?  
How still it is! I think I hear  
A cricket in pine needles near.  
Is this the pathway that I took  
By the little tinkling brook  
To the gate the tall trees made?  
Sunbeams beckon from the hill  
Near my home, and small birds trill  
Their glad songs in maple shade.  
High above me shines the sky,  
Dark fern woods, good-bye, good-bye!

**T**HE love for an animal is something that grows on you like the love to grow flowers, which, with nature and the help of your hands, gradually grows into something unforgettable and beautiful.

—Ruth Finnigan

## Odd Facts in Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT



A beautiful female Luna Moth served as a model.



Caterpillar feasted for thirty days.

## Erection of a Home

**R**ECORDING the metamorphosis of a luna moth by means of the camera is a most interesting method, as well as an accurate one.

One morning in early spring, I found clinging to my screen door a beautiful specimen of the luna moth. From the plump-shaped body and narrow antennae, I knew it was a female. On the chance that she had mated and her eggs would be fertile, I put her in a box, hoping that I would have a chance at watching the growth of the larva of this beautiful moth.

She laid a number of eggs and within ten days some twenty-five or thirty tiny caterpillars had emerged from the eggs. In order to keep them from roaming from the plant food, which I knew to be pecan leaves, I confined them in a fruit jar. To keep the plant fresh, I put a small amount of moist sand in the bottom of the jar into which I set the pecan twig.

Once each day I put fresh food and clean sand into the jar. It was truly amazing how greedily the little cater-

pillars ate and how rapidly they grew. They ate day and night, except for the few hours when they were molting, and they molted some eight or ten times.

Finally, after feasting for thirty days, one fine large fellow quit eating and started to roam. He quickly changed color and began to shrink. I moved him to a larger jar in which there was a fresh pecan twig. Soon he began fastening two leaves together and I knew he was beginning to spin a cocoon. For twenty-eight hours I photographed him at intervals of four hours, and felt repaid for loss of sleep with the pictures of the actual construction of the silken cocoon of the luna moth caterpillar.

It was truly a wonderful sight to behold the artistic way in which he arranged the leaves, then spun the silk and filled each tiny crack.

The silk, when first spun, was pure white, but later changed to a rich golden brown, blending perfectly with the leaves after they, too, turned brown.

—J. Casey



Completely sealed in finished cocoon.

## More Gifted by Nature . . . .

If we stop to consider  
It's easy to see  
Our dumb friends are often  
More clever than we!  
If we work like a Beaver,  
We're bound to succeed;  
If faithful as Towser,  
We're faithful indeed!

If one-half as gifted  
As Puss, when we roam,  
We'll always be able  
To find our way home!  
If singing we rival  
The gay mocking bird,  
Our songs are the sweetest  
That man ever heard!

By CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

If useful as Bossy,  
Day in and day out,  
That's certainly something  
To feel proud about!  
Yes, our dumb friends are often  
More clever by far;  
More gifted by nature  
Than we humans are!

## Hitchhikers of the Sea

By L. E. EUBANKS

THE shark suckers may be called the sea's hitchhikers. Instead of swimming under their own power they attach themselves to some more powerful creature, usually, but not always, a shark, that will carry them along from one part of the sea to another. These sucking-fishes have a large sucking disk on their backs behind their heads, by which they can attach themselves so firmly to any object that it is almost impossible to remove them without tearing either their bodies or the disks.

They will fasten themselves to almost any moving object, if they take the notion, and have been seen clinging to the sides of ships and boats, to turtles, whales and different kinds of fish. One specimen taken in British waters was attached to a cod. Sometimes they will fasten themselves to the albacore, a fish that will eat the shark sucker whenever it can catch one. The ancient writer, Aristotle, reported that the Mediterranean variety attaches itself to the dolphin. As the name indicates, they usually prefer a shark for a companion, and the sea monsters sometimes carry a number of the small passengers. They can slide all over the shark's body without letting go, and relax their grip when the shark is hooked by a fisherman and lifted into the air.

It is not clear just why the sucking-fish prefers to associate with a larger swimmer in this way. It is safer perhaps than it would be if alone, but what would seem to be the most plausible explanation is that it follows the shark for the chance of snatching up morsels of food when its larger companion is feeding. The shark sucker is not dependent on this, however, and is perfectly capable of hunting its own food.

Even in ancient times, sailors were familiar with the habits of this odd creature. When they saw the sucking-fishes anchoring themselves to stones on the bottom, they believed this indicated an approaching gale and got their vessel ready to meet the storm. It was believed that this fish could attach itself to sailing vessels and hold the craft motionless in the water no matter how strongly the wind blew against the sails above. This story is reflected in the scientific names given the fish, *Echeneis*, meaning "shipholder" and *Remora*, signifying "delay."

To land the fish, the angler must be very quick about drawing it out of the water as soon as the shark sucker is hooked and before it has a chance to get itself anchored anywhere.



Kindness always pays good dividends.

## A Pig Mascot

ARMY mascots have been many and various. One of the most unusual cases goes back to the War of 1812.

In Mercer County, Kentucky, in 1813, Kentucky troops under General William Harrison were en route to join Shelby's army at Harrodsburg. About a mile from that town they came upon two pigs, fighting. What Kentuckian would not stop to watch?

No sooner had they stopped, however, than the fight was over and as they started on they found that the victorious pig was following. That night Piggy camped near the Kentuckians. All the way through Kentucky to Ohio he followed. He swam the river at Cincinnati and was waiting on the other side when his soldiers got across. He kept with them to Lake Erie. At the lake, he sailed with the troops to Bass Island, but refused to embark again for Canada and had to be left on the island to root for himself.

These particular Kentuckians were badly defeated at Raisin River, but other soldiers from the same state helped break the hold of the British on the Northwest Territory forever.

When the troops came back to Bass Island, there was Piggy, waiting to take his place at the right side of the line. He followed them back to the home state and there he gave up. He had to be carried in a cart to Governor Shelby's farm, where he lived for several years and was a distinguished guest at later reunions of the company.

—Lelia Munsell

## Dog Hero

R. D. YOUNG, for many years Chief of Police of a small Alabama town, relates his experience with a small fox terrier of almost human intelligence, whose devotion and loyalty to his young master saved the boy's life.

The little dog, taking advantage of an opened door by a departing visitor, slipped into the office of the Chief of Police and leaped upon the desk of the startled Chief. In the dog's mouth was a red rag, which upon closer examination turned out to be a blood-soaked handkerchief.

In the eyes of the little terrier the Chief could read a pleading as strong as any human emotion. Hardly realizing what he was doing, the Chief followed the little dog out of the office, out of the building, down main street, across town, through woods, across fields and streams until the wounded master was found, an accidentally self-inflicted rifle bullet through his right lung.

Mr. Young no longer doubts the reasoning powers of the one animal that is man's best friend.

—H. Charles Pounders

## Mascots Take to the Air

DOGS, cats and other pets take to the air with enthusiasm, and there are few air corps units or training schools anywhere without at least one valued mascot who will beg or steal a ride every chance he gets.

Gyp, the small cocker mascot of a bomber and gunnery school, had hundreds of hours of flying time to his credit. Pilots aver that his instinct for blind flying is worth every instrument on the panel. Snoozing peacefully on the co-pilot's seat or on an indulgent "skipper's" knee during most of the flight, he never fails to wake up, wag his tail and yelp delightedly when the plane comes within a short distance of the base on the homeward flight.

In the early days of the War an R.A.F. pilot somehow acquired two small, orphaned squirrels. One perished in the horror of Dunkirk; the other, named "Fortnum," flew to England and later made many flights over the continent. Later, when his master was assigned to ground duties, Fortnum also retired—to a rabbit hutch. But a squirrel with adventure behind him at least has something to chatter about!

Leading "Aircraftman Spotty," an air-dale member of a Polish bombing squadron in England, so distinguished himself in bombing flights over Germany that he was recognized in an order of the day by the commanding officer. Growling in defiance at Nazi flak and fighting planes, wagging his tail in approval as bombs fell on the homeland of Poland's despoilers, the mascot was cited for his "example and coolness during flights."

—W. J. Banks



Royal Canadian Air Force Photo

Mascot of a bombing and gunnery school at Mont Joli receives a decoration.

# Those Amazing Bounders

By

MAX MEREDITH



**T**HE ANIMAL that popularly symbolizes Australia is a timid, harmless creature. It has been known to die simply of fright. Yet, driven to it by its enemies, it has revealed a dramatic and "human" side of its nature, which reminds one of nothing so much as an unforgettable scene in that great dramatic spectacle, "Kismet."

The common gray species, called the Old Man, is the largest living of these amazing bounders. It has a head about the size of a sheep, and stands as high as eight feet. However, there was a larger, now extinct form of kangaroo that had a head as large as that of a Shetland pony, and which stood ten feet high, and even more.

The kangaroo has a relatively small head and large ears. Its hind legs are very long and powerful and these are adapted to swift covering of ground by hopping. Normally the distance of each leap is about six or eight feet, but when going at full speed each leap may be three or four times the distance of the ordinary bound.

The short forelimbs possess great strength and rarely touch the ground, except when the animal is feeding. The tail is long, tapering, and very heavy. It is used for balancing during the rapid ground "flight." In sitting, standing, or walking, with the body erect, the tail acts as a prop. In the erect position the animal is alert to sense danger, and when alarmed moves off quickly in a series of great bounds.

Most kangaroos live in open glades and upon plains. They are entirely vegetable feeders. Because of their peculiar way of grazing they are destructive to pastures and growing crops in the sparsely settled sections of Australia. Their enlarged median lower incisors point forward and clip the grass or leaves like a pair of shears.

The number of baby kangaroos produced at birth is usually but one or two.

But sometimes there are three. When born a kangaroo is blind and naked and exceedingly small—an inch or less in length.

They are taken by the mother, with her lips, and placed in the pouch on a teat, to which they firmly cling. Incapable of sucking or swallowing, the milk is pumped down their throats by the compression of certain muscles of the mother kangaroo. Their windpipes are so formed that neither swallowing nor breathing interfere one with the other.

Entirely helpless to do anything for themselves, the young remain in the brood-pouch for weeks, or even months. At a certain stage in its growth the little kangaroo leaves the pouch. But not to venture far. It keeps near its mother, and whenever it thinks danger threatens it comes bounding back to her and the pouch. It is at this time that it is often seen with its head protruding from the pouch.

Kangaroos have been and still are so relentlessly hunted in some parts of the continent that they have been practically exterminated. Hunted because of the great damage they do, for their flesh, and for their hides, which make valuable leather.

When cornered by dogs the larger species of kangaroos will slash out with the large claws on its hind feet—its only weapon of defense. And a single blow, fairly delivered, from its hind foot will kill the average dog.

The chief enemies of the kangaroo are man and the native dog, called the dingo. The animal is naturally meek and inoffensive. But when infuriated, it will seize an enemy by its forefeet, hug him like a bear, then rip him with its knife-like claws.

Or, what the beggar Hajj did to the scoundrelly Wizir of Police in "Kismet"—the kangaroo will take him to a water-hole and hold him under water until he is drowned.

## Birds Do Queer Stunts

**O**NE warm summer day while writing a letter I was interrupted by pecking sounds against the screen of the window a few feet behind me. Turning around, I beheld a strange sight. An English sparrow, its feet perched strongly on the sloping roof, was jabbing its bill furiously.

Throwing aside the curtain to improve the view, I saw the object of the bird's attention. A good-sized white miller, inside the screen and thus quite safe from capture, was flitting here and there. When the insect touched the screen the sparrow would make several furtive jabs at the quarry, only to meet with disappointment, of course. For perhaps five minutes this strange scene was enacted. Then the sparrow caught sight of me and flew away without making further attempts to catch his dinner.

Upon another occasion, while sitting in the back yard of my home, I watched a robin building a nest. The beautiful red-breasted bird found and carried to the nesting site all kinds of articles such as bits of cloth, string and feathers. Suddenly, the robin decided to make use of a very long piece of string. Gathering one end in her mouth she flew toward the tree in which the nest was located. But she did not travel far. For the far end of the string was securely caught in the hedge surrounding the place. The bird could travel only so far when she was jerked to the ground, as she was unwilling to let go of the cord.

Several times the persistent robin took the string in her mouth and headed for the nest. But it was no use. The string was fastened too tightly. I was just at the point of helping her out when she seemed to spot a weakened place in the string. By pecking and jabbing tirelessly at it she broke the string in two and flew off triumphantly with the free portion. I have an idea she was well pleased with her amazing conquest. It was a lesson in persistence, in refusing to give up under difficulties.

—Henry H. Graham



## Wet Cement

By CHARLES MORTON

*The watchman found them after dark,  
Paw prints loud as any bark;  
Etched within the still-damp run,  
Where they ended, where begun.*

*He didn't rave or rant or stutter  
As the sight he looked upon,  
But I heard him softly mutter:  
"Doggone!" he said. "Doggone!"*



### Symbol of Sovereignty

THE bald eagle has been the symbol of our national sovereignty ever since the committee appointed by the Continental Congress in 1776 ordered a picture of this bird to be placed on the first seal of the United States of North America, the official name of our new country.

This committee consisted of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, and it took them six years to decide upon the design for our first seal. Jefferson and Adams wanted the eagle on it but Benjamin Franklin was opposed to the eagle. He wanted to have the wild turkey designated as our national bird. He didn't like the eagle because he believed that the bird obtained its living dishonestly. He knew that it customarily stole the fish which the osprey would steal from their watery homes. But Adams and Jefferson finally persuaded him to accept the eagle.

The new seal was decided upon finally in 1782, but New York State had set the eagle before this on its coat of arms and state flag.

The eagle was first used on coins on Massachusetts state money in 1787. A little later New York State put the eagle on its half-penny and penny pieces, and before long the eagle began to be seen on our national coins where it still appears.

The eagle with wings outspread is in the center of the President's flag, and also in that of the Secretary of War's flag and of a general of the army's flag.

In the House of Representatives standing to the right of the Speaker's chair may be seen the Speaker's mace, or symbol of his legal power, upon a pedestal. This mace is topped by a globe on which a silver eagle sits.

It is an interesting fact that the family crest of Washington's ancestors at Sulgrave, England, had an eagle on it from 1588 on.

—Norman C. Schlichter

# ANIMAL LORE

**SPARROWS**—Native American sparrows are estimated to save farmers \$35,000,000 a year by destroying weed seeds and insects.

**GOLDFINCH**, sometimes called the wild canary, builds its nest in midsummer.

**WILD GEESE** have been clocked at more than fifty miles per hour.

**KINGFISHER** makes its nest by burrowing a four-inch hole that may extend twenty feet into a river bank.

**COWBIRD** travels about on the hides of cattle, picking off insects.

**BLUE JAY** never takes twigs for its nest from the ground, but always from trees.

**WARBLERS**, when migrating, fly across 600 miles of open water over the Gulf of Mexico in a single night.

**SCARLET TANAGER** males are red, the females are olive in color.

**DUCKS** are identified, not by their size or flight, but by their wings.

**RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS** begin their fall migration in July.

**TOWHEE**, or swamp robin, is a bird ventriloquist.

**LARK**—Other names for the Meadowlark are Common Lark, Old Field Lark, Field Lark, Marsh Quail, Medlark, Mudlark, Medlar and Crescent Stare.

**ROADRUNNER** is noted for its ability to fight and kill a rattlesnake.

**VULTURES** are the highest fliers of all birds, yet they have the lowest and most obnoxious tastes.

**SWIFTS** have a faster flying speed than any other birds, having been clocked at two hundred miles an hour and this on sustained flight. They can cover 1,500 miles in about seven hours.

**BITTERN** of our waterways is streaked in such a manner that, when standing among the reeds, it is not easily discernible. This same bird is somewhat of a ventriloquist.

Any unusual or interesting facts concerning animals will be gratefully received. Please mention source. Address—Animalore, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

### Guest Ants

By JOHN H. SPICER

THERE are varieties of tiny ants that are always found living as guests, or one might say pets, in the nests of their larger neighbors. It is a purely selfish arrangement on the part of the little fellows as they are sheltered and fed without giving anything much in return, but, on the other hand, they do their hosts no harm and do not devour their eggs and young like a lot of the other parasites who impose on the hospitality of the ant colonies. The big ants show a friendly toleration for their little guests and seem to like having them around.

Typical of these guest ants is a tiny New England species that makes its home in a small chamber near the surface of a nest of large ants. Numerous tiny passages lead into the chambers of their hosts where they spend most of their time. There they put in their time by mounting the backs of the big workers and busily licking and cleaning their bodies, paying special attention to their head and mouth parts. The big fellows enjoy this attention and from time to time will reward their little guests with a drop of food. In the wild state the guest species obtain all their food from their hosts, an easier way than working for it, but if they are kept by themselves in an artificial nest, they soon learn to feed on honey and insects like other ants. Maybe they could make their own living if they had to. Although they spend most of their time in their neighbors' nest, they still resent any attempt to return the visits and insist on keeping their own housekeeping arrangements strictly to themselves.

The large Wood Ants of Europe also keep a variety of guest ants which naturalists have compared with our own pet dogs and cats. The two are on the most friendly terms with the little fellows playfully following the big ones around while they are working. When the big ones go on a journey, their little pets tag along, running from one to the other and sometimes dashing between their legs like playful puppies, or even riding on the backs of their good-natured hosts.



### Dictionary of Dogs

By Aletha M. Bonner

#### The Hound

Legions of "ol' houn' dawgs" abound, As, Fox, Wolf, Grey, and the Bloodhound. A large and rugged type they are, The first breeds came from lands afar. The Greyhounds lead in point of age, As they date back to Grecian sage. The Bloodhounds aid the Law full well, And oft place criminals in a cell.

# The Unique Antelope

By EDITHA L. WATSON

**T**HE fleet and graceful antelopes which still inhabit our western plains in considerable numbers are a delight to behold. With their distinctive pronged horns and their odd, characteristic throat marking, white rumps and delicate hooves, they form an attractive wildlife picture that no beholder can ever forget. In early days, the Indians found them so beautiful that they frequently used likenesses of them in paintings.\*

Wary and clever, antelopes have found ways of circumventing all enemies save severe drought or unusually frigid weather. Under such conditions they will associate with sheep or cattle and share their food; even, it is recorded, wintering with them in barns. One beautiful large animal, which is known to have ranged over eastern Colorado for the past twenty-four years, eats with cattle whenever the weather makes foraging difficult.

However, the fact that they trust mankind when necessity drives them to it

has not caused the antelopes to become any less cautious of hunters. Their fleetness is almost legendary. Recently a farmer declared that he paced an antelope with his car, and that it ran at a rate of 55 miles an hour. It is said by close observers that after an antelope baby is two days old, it can outrun any enemy. Instinct has taught the antelopes to keep near fences and gulches, where there are better opportunities of baffling pursuers. They also make use of protective coloration, apparently realizing that an antelope lying with its head toward a person is practically invisible. Since they can easily subsist on rain or dew on the grass, they do not frequent waterholes, except during a time of drought, and thus avoid meeting with more enemies.

Like cattle, these wild creatures of the prairie will charge coyotes and a killer will take to its heels before the onslaught of a mother antelope whose little one has been menaced.

All of the above traits are more or less common to many other animals, but antelopes stand alone when it comes to their unique horns. In fact, the only other animal in the world whose horns resemble theirs is the rhinoceros.

The antelope horn is composed of three parts. First comes a straight, bony core, five or six inches long, which grows from the skull. This core, which is never shed, is overspread with a sheath of skin covered with fine hair, a continuation of the antelope's scalp.

The skin enclosing the bony core exudes a glutinous, bloody substance, which in



turn hardens and becomes the pronged horn characteristic of the antelopes. Why this horn material should grow into pronged shape while the core does not, is one of nature's mysteries. The pronged outer horn is shed annually.

Many observers claim that antelopes do not shed their horns. This idea is partly due to the permanent core, which is never shed, and partly to the fact that the pronged horns, being formed only of bloody substance and hairs, "weather" rapidly, and soon after being shed assume the appearance of pieces of dry, weather-beaten wood, not easily recognizable as horns.

\*Accompanying illustrations are reproduced from original paintings on pottery by permission of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.



## Caretaker

By MARY AGNES COLVILLE

Our neighbor's pet depends on me,  
To feed it every day—  
I hurry to the house next door,  
Before I start my play—  
I know just where the key is kept,  
Way underneath the mat,  
And when Puss hears me coming,  
Oh! What a happy cat!  
Then after kitty's breakfast,  
I clean each dish with care—  
While Puss romps in the sunshine,  
Or combs her silky hair—  
And when I've aired her bedding  
Puss then goes right to sleep,  
And walking out on tip-toe,  
Away I softly creep,  
My duties as caretaker,  
I never once will shirk,  
So Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown,  
Won't worry while at work.

## Dog Adopts Scarecrow as Master

**C**ONFIRMING any of the governmental statements of a shortage of manpower is the story from Corvallis, Oregon, of a tiny black puppy that adopted a scarecrow for its master.

The scarecrow, with its paper sack head, raggedy shirt and trousers, and floppy gloves for hands, was contributed by B. C. Irvine to protect his victory garden. One day, Mr. Irvine discovered in his garden the little dog which, although both hungry and thirsty, seemed to have a strange attraction for the scarecrow. The puppy romped at its feet, barked up at him and placed his little feet affectionately on the limp trousers. Mr. Irvine inquired around the neighborhood but no one seemed to know anything about the dog. He concluded that it must

be an orphan which had suddenly decided to adopt the scarecrow.

In pity for the homeless waif, Charles Welsh, a neighboring farmer, took the dog home to care for him. Two days later, however, he found the puppy back yelping ecstatically at the feet of his beloved scarecrow man and running to it for protection when any human approached or threatened again to separate him from an inanimate chum.

The story ends in that victory garden outside of Corvallis, where a black dog lavishes the love of his canine heart on an inanimate scarecrow with floppy gloves. Who knows, perhaps the very discarded clothes of the make-believe man once belonged to a kind master.

—Edna Mae DeMarce

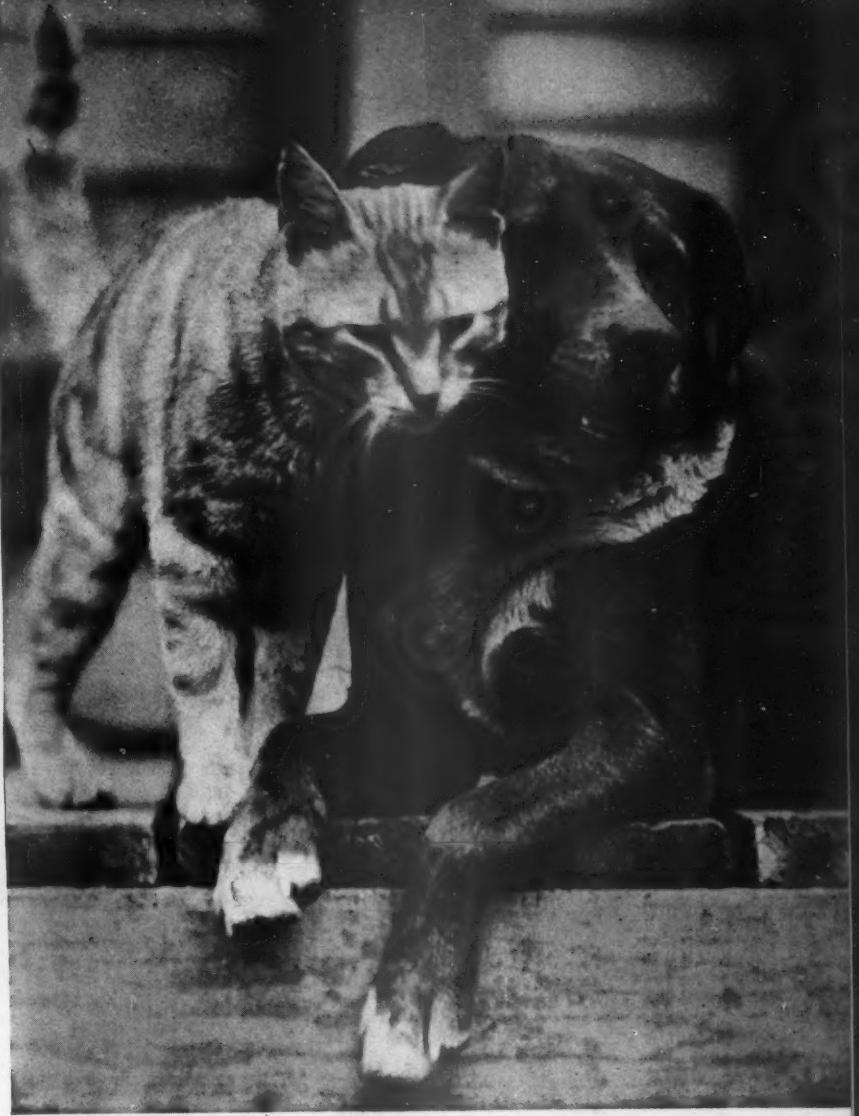


# Those Friendly



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# ly Enemies . . . . .

HERE seems to be something inherent in the enmity between cats and dogs and yet, it is the dog that is usually the aggressor, the cat preferring to adopt the "live and let live" policy wherever possible.

It seems strange, indeed, that there should be this animosity between man's chosen pets. And, yet, in a household where the two are brought up side by side, there seems to grow a complete compatibility. This companionship has been known to go beyond the limits of playful friendship, beyond even the willingly shared food and sleeping quarters. Occasions have been noted where one or the other will do battle to protect its housemate against an aggressor.

Ordinarily, a cat and a dog are as different from each other as night is from day. Some people prefer the dog that will go into ecstasies of delight at its master's approach; others are intrigued at the aloof-

ness and independence of the cat. There are, of course, those people who like both, enjoying the self-esteem administered by a dog; relaxing under the restfulness of the family cat.

Surely, there is a lesson for the whole world in the many friendships between these two animals. Inherent enemies they may be, but brought together in the same environment and learning each other's ways has proved a basis for lasting friendship. Warring nations may well draw the conclusion that an effort to learn and tolerate each other's distinguishing characteristics will avert needless jealousies, needless misunderstandings, needless bloodshed.

Let's all take a lesson from the animal world—give these friends of ours their rightful place in the world of today. We venture to assert that a child, brought up to be kind to animals, will show greater aptitude in getting along with his fellow men.

# EDITORIALS

## HUMANE KEY CONTEST

We ask all those who have sent entries to our Humane Key Contest to have patience. The judges are now at work, but the many excellent manuscripts must be read carefully in order to judge their individual merits.

We hope to announce the winner in the next issue and each of the contestants will be notified as soon as the results are known.

## Thoughtless Cruelty

THE stifling interior of a car, parked in the broiling sun, is no fit place to leave the family pet. No more pitiful sight can be imagined than such a car with windows closed, or with, perhaps, one window down a half inch or so, and within a panting dog, frantically seeking a breath of air.

Under such conditions the inside of an automobile can become a veritable oven and too often dogs have succumbed to heat prostration.

We ask owners to park their cars in the shade and lower windows from one to two inches so that there will be a constant circulation of air. Cars are sometimes parked for hours at a time and if an animal is to be left inside, it is not too much to ask that these few rules for the dog's health and comfort be followed.



## Useful Toad

UGLY as a toad," may be a common expression and perhaps to some descriptive of this little animal. Ugly as it may be, however, we bespeak the utmost consideration of its welfare. It is a true friend of mankind and the common toad should be welcomed on the farm or around the many victory gardens which dot the landscape today.

This creature is the sworn enemy of many injurious insects which prey upon trees and garden produce. Among these pests are the plum and apple curculios, potato beetle, tent caterpillar, canker-worm and gipsy and brown-tailed moth caterpillars. According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, about 98 per cent of the toad's food is of animal origin, and more than 60 per cent consists of harmful insects.

## Pet Ownership

THE owning of a pet is indeed a privilege—a privilege, since such ownership entails a partnership between man and animal with most of the good derived accruing to the man.

After all, a dog receives food, shelter and companionship and craves no more; the owner receives companionship, adoration and a spiritual emolument not to be compared to more worldly benefits.

But with such privilege comes also a high responsibility — that of keeping one's pet from becoming a neighborhood nuisance. Every once in a while drastic ordinances are proposed for the control of dogs and cats and such proposals will continue with increasing frequency until owners accept their responsibilities and keep their pets from destructive pursuits.

In the interests of all animals, we ask pet owners to consider this matter seriously, lest irate taxpayers eventually force through legislation to the detriment of our animal friends.



## Hat Feathers

IT is a shameful characterization of modern civilization that calls for the virtual extinction of any form of animal life merely for purposes of adornment. And that is what has happened and is happening as concerns feathers on women's hats.

Some thirty or more years ago, the ruthless killing of egrets and other wild fowl for the plumage trade, caused the near extinction of several forms of bird life. Fortunately, when the conditions became known, treaties and laws were invoked which practically cut off the source of supply.

By devious methods, however, some plumage from these protected birds came on the market and there is constant danger that America may awaken some day to find some of her prized bird life on the extinct list.

Ultimate responsibility, of course, rests on those women who accept or demand plumes from these birds to decorate their hats. Style has long been the cause of needless suffering and the chief source of correcting such evils will come only in the awakened conscience of American womanhood.

## Primeval Love

By JUNIUS T. HANCHETT

*Love came to earth long years ago.  
'Twas many million years, I ween,  
And then its advent was so slow,  
The traces hardly could be seen.*

*No scribe was present to record  
This epoch in creation's lore,  
For still there ruled the reptile horde.  
Their young, untended, roamed the shore.*

*But reptiles into mammals grew  
And other reptiles, birds became.  
The suckled young their mothers knew:  
The nestlings when their parents came.*

*The years rolled on in slow advance.  
The young were fed with doubled care  
And shielded from the least mischance.  
Devotion grew and love was there.*

*There is a love that conquers fear,  
And buries self in sacrifice.  
Ere Adam came that love was here.  
Ah, mother love that thinks not twice  
Of self, though death may be the price.*

*Their love was sacrificial, true,  
Those brutish ancestors of man.  
From them a heritage he drew  
Of mind and heart, the priceless two  
Of God's Eternal Plan.*



"HE'S TALKING TO ME"  
Commemorated in a Trust Fund given to our Society.

### Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



### Liberal Annuity Rates

#### ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

\* \* \*

A pamphlet giving necessary information gladly sent upon request.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.



#### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

|                 |          |                  |         |
|-----------------|----------|------------------|---------|
| Active Life     | \$100 00 | Active Annual    | \$10 00 |
| Associate Life  | 50 00    | Associate Annual | 5 00    |
| Sustaining Life | 20 00    | Annual           | 1 00    |
| Children's      | 50 75    |                  |         |

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Cases entered in Hospital .....                    | 937     |
| Cases entered in Dispensary .....                  | 1,877   |
| Operations .....                                   | 362     |
| <b>At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street</b>      |         |
| Cases entered in Hospital .....                    | 230     |
| Cases entered in Dispensary .....                  | 596     |
| Operations .....                                   | 117     |
| <b>Totals</b>                                      |         |
| Hospital cases since opening<br>Mar. 1, 1915 ..... | 233,346 |
| Dispensary cases .....                             | 582,783 |
| Total .....  | 816,129 |



### MAY REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTH- AMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Miles traveled by humane officers                   | 14,181 |
| Cases investigated .....                            | 265    |
| Animals examined .....                              | 4,073  |
| Animals placed in homes .....                       | 263    |
| Lost animals restored to owners                     | 69     |
| Number of prosecutions .....                        | 3      |
| Number of convictions .....                         | 2      |
| Horses taken from work .....                        | 9      |
| Horses humanely put to sleep .....                  | 31     |
| Small animals humanely put to sleep .....           | 2,522  |
| Horse auctions attended .....                       | 20     |
| <b>Stockyards and Abattoirs</b>                     |        |
| Animals inspected .....                             | 53,736 |
| Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep ..... | 56     |

### Veterinary Column

1. Question: Each summer my dog becomes heavily infested with ticks. It is a great deal of trouble to remove them by hand and also is very annoying to the dog to have the ticks on his body. What is the best method of removal?

Answer: Many dogs at this time of year in certain parts of the United States become heavily infested with the common wood tick, *Dermacentor Variabilis*. It presents a very serious problem to pet owners, especially those owning long-haired dogs, as setters and spaniels. The common habitat of the tick is in uncut grassy fields and beach grass. This is because the life cycle of the tick depends entirely upon the meadow mouse in their immature stage.

As far as treatment or prevention of these ticks, there is not much of value in the way of medication. Patience and persistence in picking them off by hand still remains the most practical method. *Derris* powder sprinkled generously into the dog's coat at four or five day intervals works successfully in many cases. Also dipping the dog in water solutions of *derris* powder is sometimes advisable, but must be repeated frequently to be of value.

2. Question: My four-months-old Cocker spaniel scratches incessantly at his ears, and though I cannot see anything inside the ear, on the outside there are small gray flicks which at times seem to move. Could these be causing the extreme itching?

Answer: The symptoms you describe sound very much as if your puppy is infested with lice. They commonly are found about the ears, and if they are not treated and placed under control may spread over the entire body. They appear as tiny gray or dull white parasites, close to the skin. The eggs or "nits" are very closely adhered to the hairs. In both moderate and severe infestations they will cause the dog to scratch and rub his ears, or other portions of the body affected.

Treatment includes extreme cleanliness along with frequent dusting of *derris* powder. The *derris* powder will kill the adult louse but not the nit, and, consequently, treatment must continue until all eggs are hatched and more are deposited.

3. Question: What is the most satisfactory method of removing skunk odor from the dog's coat?

Answer: To remove skunk odor from a dog's hair coat, the dog may be bathed and then rinsed in vinegar, then rinsed again in clear water. Tomato juice will also serve the purpose.

N. L. G., Veterinary Dept.  
Angell Animal Hospital



#### HORSE AND RIDER INSPECT PROTECTIVE RULES AND REGULATIONS

With the return of the horse to replace motor-driven vehicles, due to the gasoline and tire shortages, and with the renewed interest in horseback riding, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. appeals to all riders and drivers to be kind to their horses, and calls attention to certain rules and regulations for the animals' well-being and comfort. Shown scanning one of the Society's posters at "The Paddocks," riding academy in Milton, is twelve-year-old Josephine Smith, attractive daughter of the proprietor, with her beautiful horse, "Silver Tail." Similar placards are advantageously displayed in stables and riding schools throughout the Commonwealth, and Society prosecuting officers are constantly on the alert for neglect and abuse, a situation frequently encountered, especially among inexperienced riders and drivers.



## "Bum"

**From "Cheorio," Author Unknown**

He's a little dog with a stubby tail, and a moth-eaten coat of tan,  
And his legs are of the wobbly sort, I doubt if he ever ran;  
And he howls at night, while in broad daylight he sleeps like a blooming log  
And he likes the feed of a gutter breed, he's a most irregular dog.

I call him "Bum," and in total sum, he's all that his name implies,  
For he's just a tramp, with a highway stamp, that culture cannot disguise,  
And his friends, I've found in the streets abound, be they urchins or dogs or men,  
Yet he sticks to me, with a fiendish glee; it is tricky beyond ken.

I talk to him when I'm lonesome like and I'm sure that he understands  
When he looks at me so attentively and gently licks my hands,  
Then he rubs his nose on my tailored clothes but I never say ought thereat  
For the good Lord knows, I can buy more clothes, but never a friend like that.

So my good old pal, my irregular dog, my stub-tailed friend,  
Has become a part of my very heart, to be cherished till lifetime's end,  
And on judgment day, if I take the way where the righteous stay,  
If my dog is barred by the Heavenly guard, we'll both of us have to pray.

—Reprinted by Request

#### Lesson in Cheerfulness

A BLACK and white kitten, possibly four months old, gave us a lesson in cheerfulness the other day in the little restaurant where we breakfast occasionally.

Usually she comes galloping at the sound of our voice, and curls up in our lap; this morning she insisted on tussling with the fur coat we'd hung over the back of our chair. Possibly she thought it was her mamma!

We didn't want our coat clawed, so we detached the kitten from it and hung it up out of her reach. Did that kitten cry and whine and howl, as many children would, when we took her plaything from her? She did not. She jumped up into our lap again and purred herself to sleep.

—Elisabeth van Praag Dudley

#### That Man!

DIETZE," 15-year-old dog, certainly can't read, but she does understand English and, somehow, Dietze has learned to detest Herr Hitler. She reveals this sentiment all too plainly, when, tossing her bits of meat, her master says, "This piece is from President Wilson, this one from Coolidge and so on up the line. All these morsels she gulps with delight. But when her master says, "this piece is from Hitler," she disdainfully turns up her nose.

—Lew York



Boston Sunday Advertiser Photo

#### YOUNGSTERS COME TO CALL

Two-year-old John Edward Prall, Jr., of Milton, Mass., presents his kitten to Hospital attendant James A. Scott for inspection.



Official Air-Wac Photo

**AIR-WAC COMFORTS COLT**

Visiting our Hospital, Air-Wac Pfc. Arline Michenfelder paused to pat "Champ," six-month-old colt, left for treatment by his master, James Carew, of Roxbury, now serving in the armed forces.

**Foster Parents**

**N**EIGHBORS of mine, last spring, reported a pair of mocking birds diligently feeding three young owls whom the mockers appeared to think neglected, probably because they were not being fed in the daytime.

My neighbors watched this strange sight for three days in succession, but on the fourth day the owls and their foster parents had moved off their property and were lost to sight, though they could hear them in nearby trees for another day.

I was informed that the young owls took what the mockingbirds offered without hesitation, and it appeared not to disagree with them, though the diet was strange to their kind.

—Cora M. Williams

**Furlough  
(By a Dog)**

Oh, when I hear that whistle! and you see  
A streak of dog in frenzied happiness—  
You'll understand! He'll pat my head and say:  
"Hello, Old Scout! you missed me some,  
I guess!"  
I leap to kiss his hand, and then—Oh, Boy,  
I wonder if a dog can die of joy?

—Laura Simmons

**Society Opens New Shelter****Newly Acquired Brockton Branch Ready for Service**

**T**HE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is proud to announce that the formal opening of its small animal shelter in Brockton, formerly operated by the Brockton Humane Society, took place June 20. The ceremonies were attended by officers of the Society, a number of prominent Brockton city officials and former members and supporters of the Brockton Humane Society.

The newly acquired shelter, which will be known as the Brockton Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., will serve Brockton and the surrounding towns, and has accommodations for a hundred small animals. It was taken over several weeks ago by our Society at the request of the directors of the Brockton Society, and since then extensive renovations have been made and up-to-date facilities provided so that the animals brought to it might receive the best possible care and treatment. Several rows of kennels have been installed, insulated with corrugated tin, and each dog will enjoy its own pri-

vate compartment with adjoining exercise pen.

The lot, which consists of five acres, contains several buildings, as well as an attractive small animal cemetery.

Mr. Herbert Liscomb has been appointed to have charge of the shelter and will reside on the premises. We bespeak for him the cooperation of all Brockton citizens. The Society's ambulance is now ready to call for sick, injured or unwanted animals in that city and vicinity, in so far as the gasoline and tire restrictions will permit, but everyone is urged to bring his animal to the shelter whenever possible. Requests for ambulance service should be made by telephoning Brockton 2053.

The new shelter makes the seventh now maintained by our Society in strategic localities throughout the State and it is our sincere wish that the newly acquired addition will serve Brockton in the same cooperative spirit evidenced by other branches.



Official U. S. Coast Guard Photo

**"BING" ENLISTS IN THE U. S. COAST GUARD**

To the Receiving Station, Hotel Brunswick, came recently one 15-month-old smooth-haired fox terrier, "Bing." He was presented to the Coast Guardsmen by Nurse Kathleen Driscoll, of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Holding Bing is BM 2/c James Middleton, and watching are BM 2/c Edward T. Lyons (left) and (right) Lieutenant C. T. Scott, commanding officer.

## Bird Characters

By WINIFRED HEATH

**A** GOOD many people think birds are all alike as to character. They are willing to concede that the eagle is a noble creature and the pert wren with its tip-tilted tail is cute, but that is about as far as they are willing to go. Anyone doubting the variety of avian character should have lived in San Diego near a green garden as I did, with a roof right outside my window which was a favorite rendezvous for all the birds in the neighborhood. On a flimsy pine branch near one window a mourning dove and his gentle wife had a ramshackle home and two babies.

What good parents they were, a characteristic true of most birds, and how good he was to his little mate in spite of her poor housekeeping. There is hardly anything gentler in all nature than this quiet softly plumaged bird in gray and blue.

What a contrast to the mourning dove the cocky little hummer who goes it alone and can fight and beat a bird several times its own size! The only time I ever saw two of them together they were chasing each other madly over a hibiscus bush.

The mockingbird is all over San Diego, singing night and day. A born artist, he craves an audience so perches on the tip of the tallest tree or a telephone pole, or a chimney, anywhere just so he can be seen and heard.

The blackbird is also a trifle aggressive and at nesting time he has no use for dogs. I have often seen a perfectly well-intentioned dog go howling down the street with a belligerent blackbird perched on its bristling back.

The bush tit is a tiny, adorable gray ball of fluff and feathers who runs around with a host of friends and relatives. In and out of the bushes they swarm, keeping up a constant tiny twittering.

Each of these birds has its own idea as to how a nest should be built. The dove slings a few sticks together; but the lady hummer builds what is perhaps the smallest and neatest nest in the world; while the bush tit fashions a lovely, softly lined pouch and hides it among the leaves and twigs.

Saint Francis of Assisi loved the "little fowle of God" and is said to have actually preached to them. Some people might think a bird would not understand human speech—but all creatures, even the least, can be reached by love. We may be sure that they listened politely to that tender, musical voice, and ceased their busy twittering—for birds are often better mannered than unfeathered human folk.



Please remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

# ANIMAL LAND

**A Los Angeles exterminating firm has hired an anteater. He is paid the usual rate and will have to pay—poor fellow—the usual income tax, with nothing off for dependents.**

*Our old friend, "Tommy Tucker," the squirrel Beau Brummel, is now making the rounds of hospitals entertaining convalescents. Though he is untrained, he has a bag full of tricks.*

"Mary Ann," a three-year-old mare, made the headlines in California, when her master listed her as a dependent on his draft questionnaire.

*As recently reported here, "Lassie," the movie dog star, is a "he." Nothing daunted, a Hollywood press agent proudly announces that "when her expected pups arrive, one of them will play a sequel to 'Lassie Come-Home.' Ab, that California sunshine.*

In somewhat more serious vein, we learn that Daisy, an equally famous canine actress, is donating blood to the Red Cross for benefit of wounded members of the K-9 Corps.

*A soldier in the tropics has suggested that we put specially trained monkeys in Jap uniforms to cause confusion among the sons of the Rising Sun. But, wouldn't this be a bit puzzling to us, if one of our decoys decided to pay a visit?*

A California Air Depot has utilized the services of a black widow spider for spinning silk for the instruments being repaired.

*In ancient Greece, banquet halls were scented by saturating the wings of birds with rare perfumes and releasing the feathered creatures during the repast.*

Not to be outdone, the Romans, who were extremely fond of honey, carried their own beehives to war with them. While on bees, it may be cogent to note that experts estimate that the average honey bee produces only about a quarter of a teaspoonful of honey in a lifetime.

—Jack Pearson

## Insect Fishermen

**T**HREE is one variety of the little caddice worms in the streams who may be called the fishermen of the insect world. They build tiny nets and set them across the current just like real fishermen and although the nets are not big enough to hold even a minnow, being not more than a half-inch across, still they bring in enough other tiny water creatures to keep the owner well fed. They look a bit like tiny spider webs and are beautifully constructed of a fine silk netting. They are placed on stones on the stream bottom with the funnel-like opening facing upstream so as to catch any food carried along by the current. Or if the creature finds two small stones about the right distance apart, the net is often stretched between them. Sometimes one will find quite a number of these nets all set up on a single stone forming a regular fishing village on the stream bottom. Usually, too, the nets are set up where the current is fairly swift as the caddice is not afraid of fast water and there is more chance of something being carried into the net where there is a bit of a current.

At first glance the owner of the little net doesn't seem to be anywhere in sight but one may be sure he is not far away. All the caddice worms build houses for themselves using bits of sticks and grass, sand grains or other materials bound together with silk. The fisherman uses tiny pebbles for his house which makes it rather hard to see since the outside of it just matches the other pebbles and stones around it. On the inside, however, it is well lined with silk so that the occupant is quite cozy and comfortable. Then he has a silken life line from his front door to the net to which he clings when he goes up to see whether he has caught anything for dinner.

—John H. Spicer



## OVER THE AIR

A weekly radio program devoted to animals may be heard each Tuesday afternoon at 1:15 over Springfield radio station WSPR —1270 on your radio dial. This program is presented by Charlene B. Kibbe and sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Programs will be as follows:

July 4—"Animals in the News."

July 11—"Emergency Care and Treatment of Animals."

July 18—"True Dog Stories."

July 25—"Animals in General."

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## I Lost My Home

By FRED CORNELIUS

**I** AM only a little dog, and I have lost my folks." That is what I tried hard to tell people, but they would not understand.

Once I had a fine home and a little master who played with me every day. Every day there was plenty of food and water, and every day I followed my master to school or to visit some of his playmates.

I was a happy little dog in those days. I barked at things at night, and I watched every move my master made.

Then, one day I went on a little visit myself, and when I came back, my master and all his folks were gone. The house was dark, and empty, and lonesome.

The queerest feeling came over me, and I could not keep from howling. I howled and cried all night and all the next day. I wanted so to see my master and to have something to eat.

Then, strange people moved into our house, and I saw right away that they did not like dogs. They threw stones at me, and I ran away.

I tried to find my master. I went to the school to look for him, but no scent of him was there. I went to all the places that we had been together, but he was at none of them. I ran all over town but nowhere could I find a trace of my master.

I was miserable, and hungry, and dirty. My feet were sore, and I had cried so much that I was almost blind. People did not want me around. Everywhere I went they threw stones at me, and one of them hit me on the leg and crippled me.

I was more dead than alive, and never had I been so hungry. I thought I would die.

Then, I hobbled back to my old home. It would do no harm to take one more look. Maybe I could slip into my old bed in a cozy corner and rest awhile.

A lot of people were standing in the front yard. One of the boys was crying, and all the other people looked sad.

Then, the boy who was crying turned his head towards me, and my heart leaped with joy. The boy was my master! He ran to me, and before you could count ten, he had me in his arms. He laughed and cried at the same time. He hugged me so tightly that it hurt, but I did not care.

He took me to our new home and fed me and put me to bed. Now we are all happy.



## Susie

By MARJORIE FREEMAN CAMPBELL

*Susie came to our house  
When she was very small;  
Came walking uninvited  
Into mother's spotless hall.  
Mother said, "Get out of here!  
Scat! Someone put her out!"  
For Susie's muddy, kitten paws  
Left track marks all about.*

*Susie came to our house  
And sat outside the door;  
Sat shivering while the raindrops  
Made her wetter than before.  
Mother sighed, "Oh, bring her in!  
Why is it, do you think,  
That all stray cats and puppy dogs  
Come here as straight as wink?"*

*Susie came to our house  
A long, long time ago;  
And everybody loves her  
For she's always let us know,  
By purring hard and being good,  
How very glad she's been  
That it was our house that she found,  
And we who took her in!*



Photo by Eugene W. Gustafson

"LICKING THE AXIS"

## The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President  
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and thirty-five Bands of Mercy were organized during May. These were distributed as follows:

|               |    |
|---------------|----|
| Massachusetts | 80 |
| Florida       | 34 |
| New Hampshire | 10 |
| Virginia      | 7  |
| Pennsylvania  | 4  |

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 268,269.

### SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

|                                 |        |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Number of addresses made,       | 146    |
| Number of persons in audiences, | 18,956 |



### Oldest Dog Dies

PEGGY" MILLER, 20, oldest living graduate of the Springfield Branch of The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., died recently at the home of her owner, Miss Delia C. Miller, of Springfield.

Peggy, a smooth-haired fox terrier, was given to Miss Miller by the Society's agent 20 years ago as a watchdog, but she developed into a pet instead. Although her age was comparable to 140 years for man, Peggy was an extensive traveler. She had toured Canada and the western states and spent every summer at Hampton Beach, N. H.

The body was buried at "Hillside Acre," Methuen, animal cemetery of our Society.



"Peggy" Miller



[Left to right] Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; Mrs. Harvey R. Preston, elected corresponding secretary; Mrs. Robert R. Miller, re-elected Auxiliary president and Eric H. Hansen, executive vice-president, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

## Annual Meeting in Springfield

PRINCIPAL speakers at the annual meeting of the Springfield Auxiliary, held recently at the Hotel Sheraton, were our President, Dr. Francis H. Rowley and Executive Vice-President Eric H. Hansen.

Dr. Rowley expressed high regard for the humane attitude of Springfield citizenry as evidenced by its interest in animal welfare and paid special tribute to the members of the Auxiliary for their untiring efforts.

The value of humane education in schools, boys' clubs and youth organizations to counteract child delinquency was stressed by Mr. Hansen in his address to the group.

At the business meeting Mrs. Robert R. Miller was re-elected president, together with the following officers: First vice-president, Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy; second vice-president, Mrs. Harold G. Duckworth; recording secretary, Mrs. Lawrence Davis; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Harvey R. Preston; treasurer, Mrs. Fred B. Korbel. Directors serving another year include Mrs. Walter J. Dubon, Mrs. Duckworth, Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe, Mrs. M. F. Peterson, Mrs. Stuart M. Robson and Mrs. Treworgy.

Mrs. Paul M. Kellogg, chairman of the humane education committee, outlined the extensive program carried out in cooperation with school officials. Her report said, in part:

"We feel immeasurably gratified to have been instrumental in organizing in the local schools a most constructive pro-

gram and in accenting the contacts between children and the hospital. The Auxiliary has bought books which may be used by children who visit the hospital and which are to be loaned to schools desiring them. A copy of the Auxiliary's film, *SMALL PETER'S CHIEF ADVENTURE*, was given to the schools for their use. Mrs. Kibbe and 'Skippy' have been invited to visit several rooms of children and to show the film. Many children have listened to her broadcasts on each Tuesday. They have visited the hospital and learned first-hand of its work. From these activities and actual contact with live animals evolve problems in writing, history of animals and their evolution, reading, radio and motion picture appreciation, practical arithmetic, appreciation of poetry, executive work in committees, nature study and care and kindness to animals, birds and insects. In short, humane education is limitless in its integration with the entire school work. The contributions which the children of the schools have made in true stories of pets is outstanding.

"Mrs. Harold Treworgy's successful adventures in securing window space for humane education publicity during Be Kind to Animals Week, in nineteen downtown stores was no small achievement. Some of the displays were most effective and brought to thousands of disturbed people the message that much of the trouble in the world today is due, in part, to the failure of many groups to emphasize kindness to animal life."

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Perhaps there was an issue that you just didn't get around to read; perhaps you wanted to refer to some particular article, story or poem; perhaps you wanted to save each issue for your children's education. Whatever it was, a copy or two have become lost.

Here is a chance to maintain a permanent file in your private library, by buying a bound volume of the 1943 issues. There you will have ready reference to the many informative articles on nature and animal care. It will be an invaluable aid to your children in their school work.

Furthermore, these volumes make splendid gifts, especially to school and public libraries. But whatever the reason, send your order now for the desired number of bound volumes of

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For sale by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., at these prices, postpaid.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets

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| Care of the Horse .....  | \$1.25 per 100               |
| Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5 .....  | .50 " "                      |
| The Horse's Prayer .....   | .30 " "                      |
| The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow ..  | .50 " "                      |
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| "Be Kind to Animals" pennants .....  | each, 25 cts.                |
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## THE WAYS OF PEACE

By ALEXANDER J. STODDARD  
*Superintendent of Schools, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**S**OME day this war will end and we shall try again to make peace. But this war will not end as the last war ended. *This is a world war.*

Whether the end comes in a certain second, or during a certain day, or month, or year, what a glorious time it will be when the boys come home again! Millions will dance in the streets for joy. They will tear up a billion books and shower the confettied paper down from skyscrapers and the clouds; they will tie any tin cans that are left to any old cars that may still be able to run and drive hilariously down the main streets of a thousand towns and cities; they will dash wildly along the marching columns of returning soldiers throwing roses in their paths and kisses to their lips. They will shout and sing until the piled-up chorus of ecstasy mounts to the throne of God!

Other millions over the world will stand numb and silent, too tired to weep, as if in a trance, unable to comprehend. Whether laughter or tears or merely dry-eyed staring into space, never before will so many have welcomed the end of a war, and never before will so many have suffered and lost so much to make it come true.

The war will end, but will peace come? Always the human race has made the fatal assumption that peace naturally follows war, that the alternative to war is peace.

What *has* followed every war throughout the ages? Not peace, but an armistice which should not be confused with peace. The time may be short or long during which an armistice lasts. But *peace* has the characteristic of permanence—it abides as do faith and hope and charity. We must not make the mistake of assuming again this time that the inevitable consequence of war is peace. In the 1920's and 30's we thought that a peace had been made. We did not realize that we had run out on what we had made, and it turned out to be only one more in a seemingly endless series of armistices.

If we are to have peace, we must win it even as war must be won. We could call a million witnesses to this fact. The lives of the saints and all who have died that we might have life more abundantly, present a mountain of testimony that the ways of peace call for as much real courage, noble sacrifice, high adventure, and a willingness to die for a cause, as does war.

